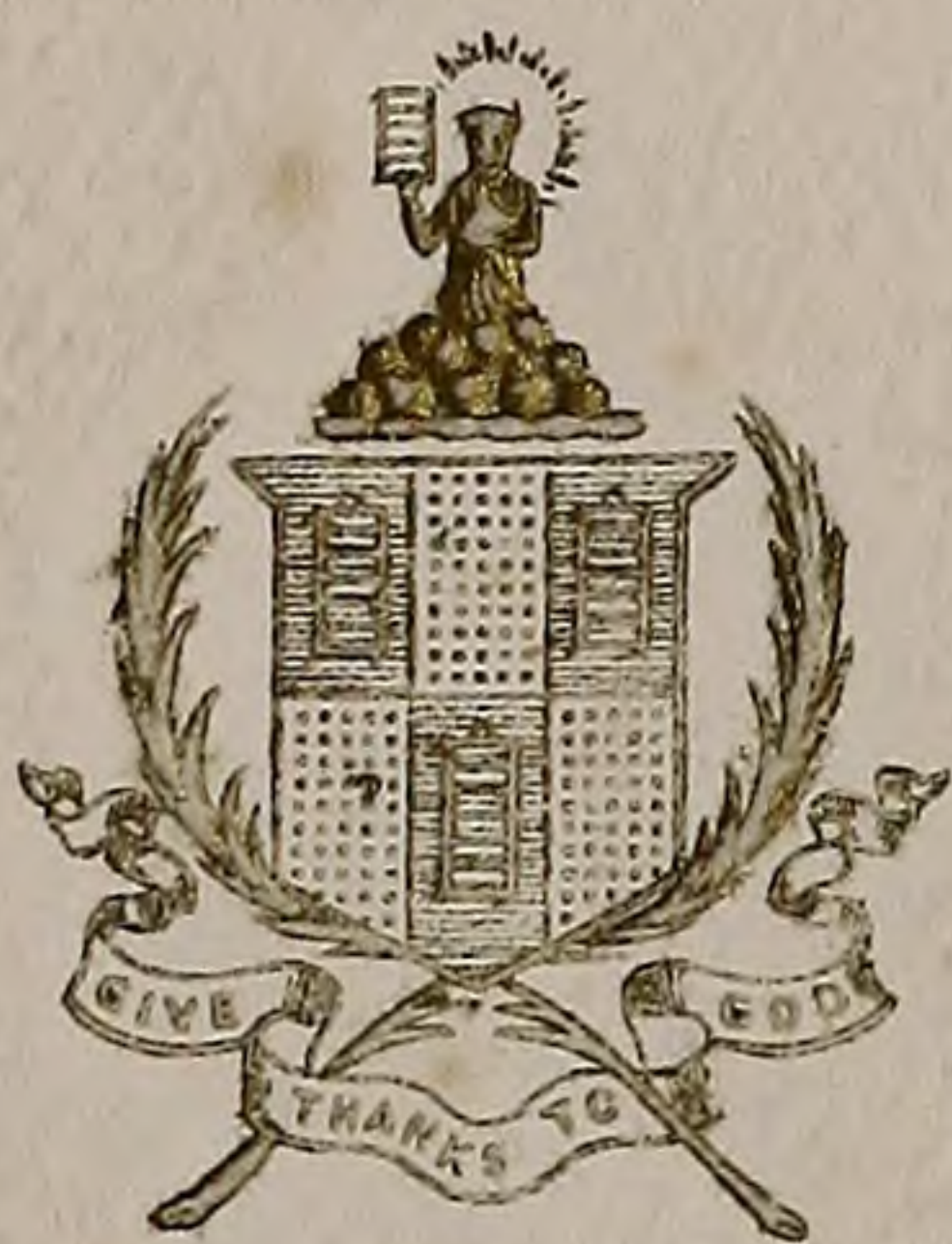


GIRDLETS' HALL.



THURSDAY, JUNE 29th, 1905.



Master:

J. HARMER DALTON, Esq.

Wardens:

HENRY PULBROOK, Esq.

HENRY HICKS, Esq.

EDWARD SIMMONS, Esq.

Clerk:

W. D. SMYTHE, Esq.



Coasts.

1. The King.

2. Queen Alexandra, The Prince and Princess of
Wales, and the other Members of the Royal
Family.

3. The Worshipful Company of Girdlers, Root and
Branch, and may it flourish for ever.

4. The Ladies.

The
Upper
Warden.

Mrs. Frank Turner.

Mr. Frank Turner.

Miss D. Fry.

Mr. Eustace Pulbrook.

Past Master T. W. Weeding.

Mrs. T. W. Weeding.

Past Master Frank Fairclough.

Mrs. Frank Fairclough.

The Revd. J. Stephen Barrass.

Mrs. Barrass.

Past Master
Sir Alfred J. Newton, Bart.

Lady Newton.

Mr. H. Howard Burton.

Mrs. E. Simmons.

The Renter Warden.

Mr. H. H. Billinghamurst.

Lady Edwardes.

The Right Rev. The Lord
Bishop of Southwark.

Wm^{rs} J. Harmer Dalton

The
Master.

TABLE

TABLE B.

Past Master G. W. Rich.

Miss Rich.

Mr. R. St. A. Roumieu.

Mrs. R. St. A. Roumieu.

Past Master Dr. W. Laidlaw Purves.

Mrs. Laidlaw Purves.

Past Master Stratten Boulnois.

Mrs. Stratten Boulnois.

Mr. Thomas Potter.

Mrs. Thomas Potter.

Mr. W. Joynson-Hicks.

Mrs. W. Joynson-Hicks.

Mrs. H. Howard Burton.

ENTRAN
HALL

The
aster.

The Honble. Mrs. Talbot.

General Sir Stanley G. Edwardes,
K.C.B.

Miss K. F. Dalton.

LE A.

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, C.I.E.

Lady Purdon Clarke

Past Master Harry Beck.

Mrs. Harry Beck.

Past Master Sir F. D. Dixon-
Hartland, Bart., M.P.

Lady Hartland.

Mr. G. W. Barber.

Miss Barber.

Mr. Burrell Page.

Miss D. Walker.

Mr. A. A. Robinson.

Mrs. A. A. Robinson.

TABLE C.

The
Middle
Warden.

Miss E. Giddy.

Mr. Banks.

Mrs. H. Hicks.

Past Master Morrison Fairclough.

Mrs. Morrison Fairclough.

Past Master Sir Alfred E. Bateman,
K.C.M.G.

Lady Bateman.

Past Master James Turner.

Mrs. Stafford Hudson.

Past Master W. J. Downes.

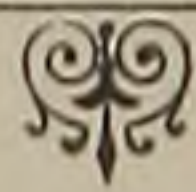
Mrs. W. J. Downes.

Mrs. Dumville Smythe.

The Clerk.

ANGE TO
ALL.

WINES.



Sherry & Madeira.



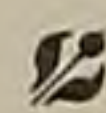
Hock.

Johannisberger.

Champagnes.

P. Heidsieck, 1889.

L. Roederer, 1893.



Port.

Graham's, 1884.



Claret.

Chateau Léoville

Barton, 1888.



Menu.



Tortue Claire. Crème de Volaille.

FISH.

Filets Turbot à la Ravigotte.
Saumon Truite à la Chambertin.
Blanchaille.

ENTRÉES.

Petits Zephyrs à la Perigord.
Supreme de Cailles piquée à la Dumanoir.

REMOVES.

Côte d'Agneau.
Canetons à l'Orange.
Jambon Braisé Salade Nicoise.

ENTREMETS.

Gelée à la Seville.
Meringues à la Crème.
Boules de Fruits Melées.
Pâtisserie à la Bonne Femme.

REMOVES.

Petits Souffles Glacé.
Canapes à l'epicure.

DESSERT.

ICES.

A Selection of Music

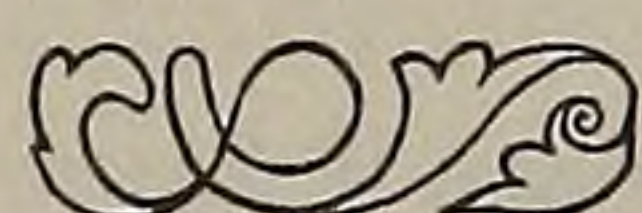
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Mr. E. VICTOR WILLIAMS,

Conductor :

Caling Philharmonic Society.

Upper Norwood Glee & Madrigal Society.



MISS STELLA MARIS.

MISS JESSIE KING.

MR. WILLIAM GREEN.

The Alexandra Part-singers :

MR. FRANK DESKETT,	♫	MR. EDWIN BRYANT,
MR. W. D. RIVERS.	♫	MR. GEORGE BURGESS.

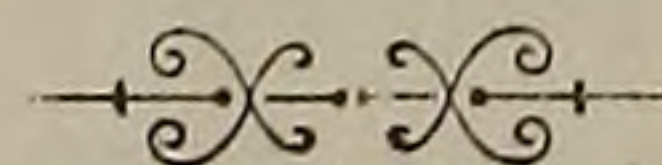
Solo Harp	-	-	MISS KATHLEEN PURGELL.
Solo Violin	-	-	MISS KATHLEEN CARLOW.
At the Piano	-	-	MR. E. VICTOR WILLIAMS.

A Selection of Music.



Will be played by Mr. FREDERICK LANE'S ORCHESTRA

During the Reception and Dinner.



MARCH	"Maîtres d'Armes"	<i>Gawin</i>
POEM	"Salut d'Amour"	<i>Elgar</i>
VALSE	"Caressante"	<i>Lambert</i>
CAVATINA	<i>Raff</i>
THREE DANCES	"Nell Gwyn"	<i>German</i>
ENTR'ACTE	"Come, Sweet Morning"	<i>A. L.</i>
SEPTETT (for Strings)	"Benedictus"	<i>Poole</i>
SELECTION..	"Veronique"	<i>Messenger</i>
LARGO	<i>Handel</i>
CZARDAS No. 1	<i>Gungl</i>
INTERMEZZO	"Cavalleria Rusticana"	<i>Mascagni</i>
THREE DANCES	"Flower Suite"	<i>Benyon</i>

Programme.



- GRACE .. "For these and all Thy mercies" *Laudi Spirituali.*
 NATIONAL ANTHEM "God save the King" .. *Dr. John Bull*
 "God save the Queen." "God bless the Prince of Wales."
 SONG "Il Bacio" *Arditi*
 Miss STELLA MARIS.
 SONG .. { *Recit* "Ah! fill the cup" } *Liza Lehmann*
 { *Aria* "Ah! morn of my delight" }
 Mr. WILLIAM GREEN.
 GLEE .. "My true love hath my heart" *C. Lee Williams*
 THE ALEXANDRA PART-SINGERS.

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

- SONGS .. { (a) "To my beloved" .. *Liza Lehmann*
 { (b) "At parting" .. *Rogers*
 Miss JESSIE KING.
 HARP SOLO .. "Welsh Melodies" .. *J. Thomas*
 Miss KATHLEEN PURCELL.
 PART SONG .. "The old folks at home" *arr. by Blackshaw*
 SONG "April morn" *Robert Batten*
 Miss STELLA MARIS.
 VIOLIN SOLO .. "Souvenir de Moscow" .. *Wieniawski*
 Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.
 SONGS .. { (a) "Triolets" .. } *A. Randegger, Jun.*
 { (b) "My heart" .. }
 Mr. WILLIAM GREEN.
 PART SONG .. "Tom, the Piper's son" *Kendall*
 HARP SOLO .. "French patrol march" .. *Hasselmans*
 Miss KATHLEEN PURCELL.
 SONGS .. { (a) "Temple bells" } *Woodforde Finden*
 { (b) "Indian desert song" }
 Miss JESSIE KING.
 GLEE "The long day closes" *Sullivan*

Grace.

(From the "*Laudi Spirituali*," A.D. 1545.)

For these and all Thy mercies giben,
We bless and praise Thy Name, O Lord,
May we receibe them with thanksgibing,
Eber trusting in Thy Word!
To Thee alone be honour, glory,
Now, and henceforth, for ebermore,
Amen.

The National Anthem.

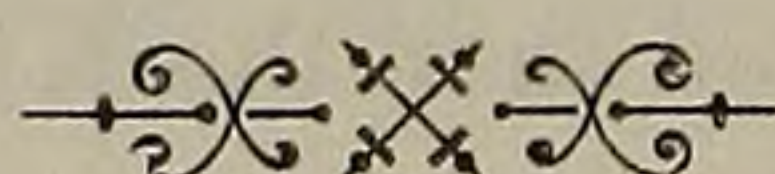
GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

Solo Miss STELLA MARIS

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

“God save the Queen.”

GOD save our gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen



“God bless the Prince of Wales”

AMONG our ancient mountains,
 And from our lovely vales,
 Oh! let the prayer re-echo,
 “God bless the Prince of Wales!”

Fong

.. .. .

Arditi.

" Il Bacio "

MISS STELLA MARIS.

SULLE, sulle labra, se pottessi,
 Dolce un bacio ti darei,
 Tutte direi le dolcezze dell'amor
 Sempre, assisa a te d'appresso,
 Mille gaudii ti direi,
 Ed I palpiti udirei
 Che rispondono al mio cor.

Gemme e perle non desio,
 Non son vaga d'atro affetto,
 Un tuo sguardo è il mio diletto,
 Un tuo bacio è il mio te sor.
 Vieni ah ! vien più non tardare,
 Vieni a me, vien d'appresso,
 Ah ! vein nell ebbrezza d'un amplesso
 Ch'io viva ch'io viva, sol d'amor.

Song *Liza Lehmann.*

RECIT. "**Ah! fill the Cup**"

ARIA. "**Ah! moon of my delight**"

From "In a Persian Garden."

MR. WILLIAM GREEN.

AH! fill the cup, what boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our feet.
Better be jocund with the fruitful grape
Than sadder after none, or bitter fruit.

Ah! love, could you and I with fate conspire
To grasp the sorry scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire.

Ah! moon of my delight that knows no wane,
The moon of heaven is rising once again;
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same garden after me, in vain.

And when thyself with shining foot shall pass
Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,
And on thy joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty glass.

Fitzgerald's Translation.

Glee C. Lee Williams.

"My true love hath my heart"

THE ALEXANDRA PART-SINGERS.

MY true love hath my heart, and I have his,
 By just exchange one to the other given :
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss ;
 There never was a better bargain driven.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
 My heart in him his thought and senses guides,
 He loves my heart for once it was his own,
 I cherish his because in me it bides.

IN THE DRAWING ROOM.

Songs { (a) "To my beloved" *Liza Lehmann*
 (b) "At parting" *Rogers.*

MISS JESSIE KING.

(a)

IT is not because your heart is mine,
 Mine only, mine alone ;
 It is not because you chose me,
 Weak and lonely for your own.
 Not because the earth is fairer,
 And the skies spread above you,
 Are more radiant for the shining
 Of your eyes, that I love you.

But because this human love,
 True and sweet, yours and mine,
 Has been sent by love more tender,
 More complete, more divine.
 That it leads our hearts to rest
 At last in heaven, far above you,
 Do I take you as a gift that God has given—
 And I love you ! I love you !

(b)

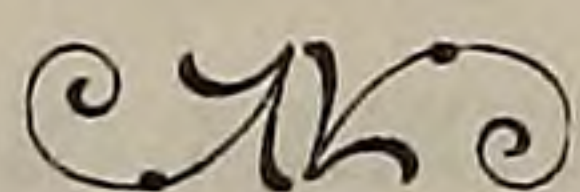
THE sweetest flower that blows
 I give you, as we part ;
 For you it is a rose,
 For me, it is my heart.
 The fragrance it exhales,
 Ah ! if you only knew,
 Which but in dying fails,
 It is my love for you.

THE sweetest flower that blows
 I give you, as we part ;
 You think it but a rose,
 Ah ! me, it is my heart.

Harp Solo *J. Thomas.*

"Welsh melodies"

MISS KATHLEEN PURCELL.



Part Song *Arr. by Blackshaw.*

"The old folks at home"

W AY down upon the Swanee river,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.

All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

All the world is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam;
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

All round the little farm I wander'd
When I was young;
Then many happy days I squander'd,
Many the songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.

All the world, etc.

Song

.

Robert Batten.

"April morn"

MISS STELLA MARIS.

AH! the joy to greet the rosy morn,
 If the sun the verdant fields adorn;
 Nature awakes, the birds their melodies trill
 O'er hill and dale, and by the woodland rill.

Ah!

Ah! the joy to greet the rosy morn,
 If the sun the verdant fields adorn;
 All through the livelong day
 Laugh the hours away.

Ah!

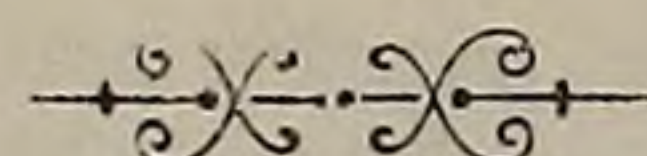
Love is the song that the birds gladly sing,
 Oh! my heart, fond hope to me they bring.
 Once again carol forth your joyous strain,
 Tell me now, pretty birds, will my love come again?

Ah!

Violin Solo *Wieniawski.*

"Souvenir de Moscow"

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.



Songs { (a) **"Triolets"** } *A. Randegger, Jun.*
 (b) **"My heart"** }

MR. WILLIAM GREEN.

(a)

THOSE wells of deepest blue, your eyes ;
 Scarce open yet, half dreaming
 Some purple flower of passion dyes
 Those wells of deepest blue, your eyes ;
 Love's first awakening in them lies,
 I gently kiss them, deeming,
 Those wells of deepest blue, your eyes ;
 Scarce open yet, half dreaming.

(b)

My heart is the heart of the merry wave,
 A wave of the summer sea ;
 It ripples, and ripples, and ripples again,
 So ripples my heart for thee.
 My heart is the heart of the op'ning morn.
 Radiant with sun-kiss'd dew ;
 It sparkles, and sparkles, and sparkles again,
 So sparkles my love for you.
 My heart is the heart of the red, hot coal,
 Quickened with love entire ;
 It smoulders, and smoulders, and smoulders again,
 Till it flames into living fire.

Part Song

Kendall

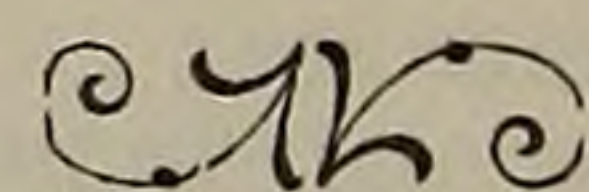
"Tom, the piper's son"

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
 Stole a pig and away he run;
 Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
 Thought he'd have some meat.
 The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
 And he went crying down the street.

Tom, son of the piper, stole a diminutive swine,
 But some ravenous fellow concluded he would dine,
 The piper's son was vanquished, and mourned his loss of lard,
 And quickly hied himself away, down on the Boulevard.

As to the owner of this diminutive porker the poet is silent,
 but, according to the law and prophets, he must have been
 exceeding angry; yea, verily! for behold, the piper's son was beat,
 and from the multitude a great shout went up, while of ham and
 eggs they did eat, saying—

Tom, Tom, the piper's son, etc.



Harp Solo

Hasselmans

"French patrol march"

MISS KATHLEEN PURCELL.

Songs { (a) "**Temple bells**" } *Woodforde*
 (b) "**Indian desert song**" } *Finden.*

MISS JESSIE KING.

(a)

THE temple bells are ringing,
 The young green corn is springing,
 And the marriage month is drawing very near;
 I lie hidden in the grass,
 And count the moments pass,
 For the month of marriages is drawing near.

She is young and very sweet,
 From the silver on her feet
 To the silver and the flowers in her hair;
 And her beauty makes me swoon,
 As the Moghra trees at noon
 Intoxicate the hot and quivering air.

Ah! I would the hours were fleet
 As her silver-circled feet,
 I am weary of the daytime and the night;
 I am weary unto death,
 Oh! my rose with jasmine breath,
 With this longing for your beauty and your light.

(b)

I AM waiting in the desert, looking out towards the sunset,
 And counting every moment till we meet;
 I am waiting by the marshes and I tremble and I listen
 Till the soft sands thrill beneath your coming feet.

Ah! come soon, my arms are empty and so weary for your beauty,
 I am thirsty for the music of your voice;
 Come to make the marshes joyous with the sweetness of your presence,
 Let your nearing feet bid all the sands rejoice.

I am faint with love and longing, and my burning eyes are gazing
 Where the furtive jackals wage their famished strife;
 Oh! your shadow on the mangroves, and your step upon the sand hills,
 This is the loveliest evening of my life!

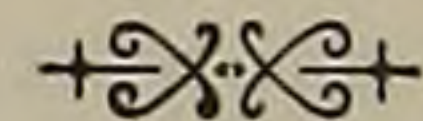
Glee

Sullivan

... ..
"The long day closes"

NO star is o'er the lake,
 Its pale watch keeping ;
 The moon is half awake,
 Through grey mist creeping,
 The last red leaves fall round
 The porch of roses ;
 The clock hath ceased to sound :
 The long day closes.
 Sit by the silent hearth,
 In calm endeavour
 To count the sounds of mirth,
 Now dumb for ever.
 Heed not how hope believes,
 Or fate disposes ;
 Shadow is round the eaves :
 The long day closes.
 The lighted windows dim,
 Are fading slowly ;
 The fire that was so trim,
 Now quivers lowly.
 Go to the dreamless bed,
 Where grief reposes ;
 Thy book of toil is read :
 The long day closes.

Henry F. Chorley.



Mr. E. VICTOR WILLIAMS,

"Glentworth," 61, Gipsy Hill, S.E.



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